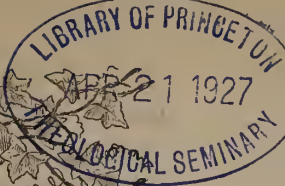
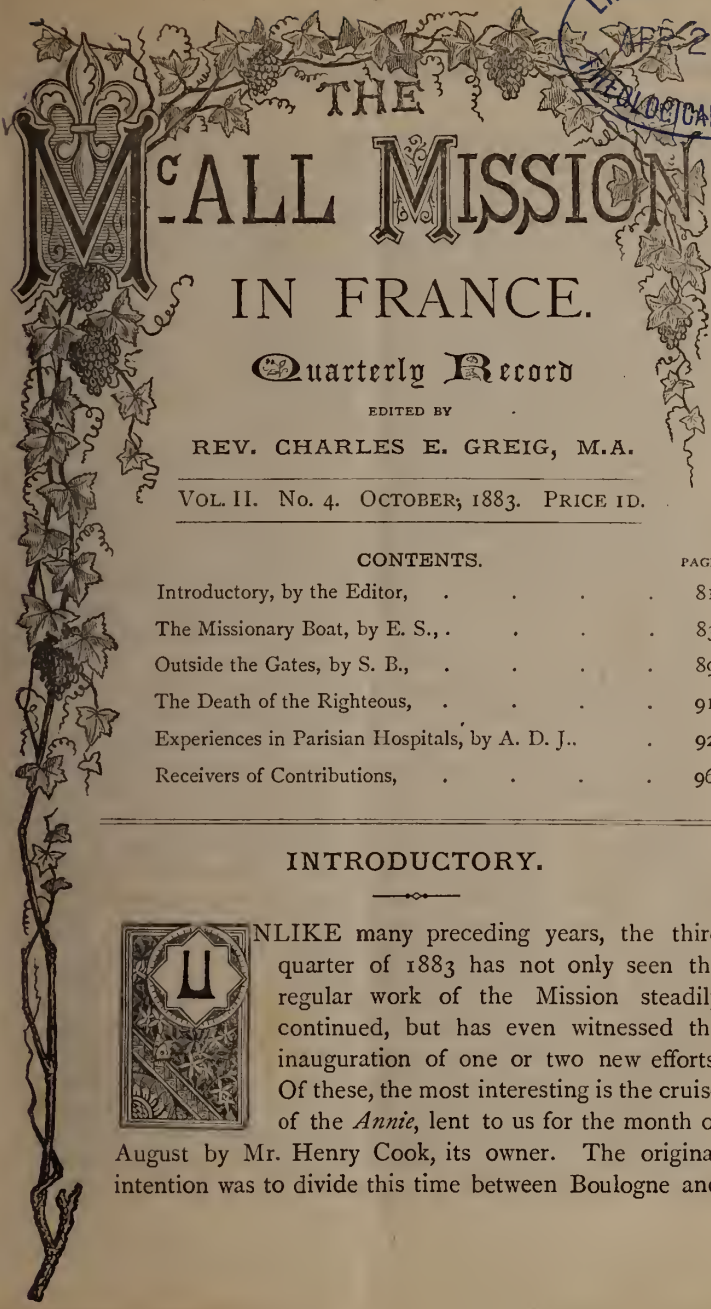


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# THE McALL MISSION IN FRANCE.

Quarterly Record

EDITED BY

REV. CHARLES E. GREIG, M.A.

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## INTRODUCTORY.



UNLIKE many preceding years, the third quarter of 1883 has not only seen the regular work of the Mission steadily continued, but has even witnessed the inauguration of one or two new efforts. Of these, the most interesting is the cruise of the *Annie*, lent to us for the month of August by Mr. Henry Cook, its owner. The original intention was to divide this time between Boulogne and

Dunkirk; but the very serious illness of the Rev. Daniel Robert, our esteemed director in the North, coupled with the earnest entreaty of Mr. Charles Arnett of Calais, determined us to send it to the latter port, instead of to the city of St. Eloi. A detailed account of our Missionary's experiences at Boulogne, written in his own quaint simple style, will be found farther on: at Calais the success was even greater, the crowd being so large that the meeting had to be held on the sands, instead of on board the vessel herself. As similar testimony was rendered by the agents of the Wesleyan Mission in July, the fact may be held now as proved, that the Bateau Missionnaire is a peculiarly successful method of evangelisation.

Another most interesting event was the writing, printing, and distributing of 50,000 copies of an illustrated tract on the catastrophe of Ischia, undertaken on the occasion of the great fête organised by the Parisian press in the Jardin des Tuileries, in aid of the victims of this appalling calamity. The concourse was certain to be enormous—and, alas! frivolous; could nothing be done to solemnise these thoughtless pleasure-seekers? Pastor J. P. Cook suggested a tract; Monsieur Saillens at once undertook to write it; the proprietors of the *Graphic* gave their plate of Ischia for the illustration; the Committee of the Monthly Tract Society promised to bear the expense of printing 50,000 copies; the Mission office-staff organised a band of distributors; and between two o'clock and ten o'clock on Sunday, 26th August, the whole edition, bating a small percentage reserved for the provinces, had been judiciously and prayerfully distributed over Paris, the greater number at the gates of the Tuileries, the rest in our different meeting-halls, or dropped here and there on the way. The experiment shows how, if necessary, the Mission organisation may be used to bring to a successful issue some wide-reaching special effort.

Want of space prevents our dwelling on the very significant reaction against materialism at present setting in all over France; on the crowded state of most of the Paris meetings, unusual at this hot season; on the new stations opened at Tulle in the Corrèze, and at Toulouse; and on the interesting little fêtes given to certain of our Parisian Sunday schools during July. Most interesting communications have to be omitted from Auxerre and Brest, in the latter of which places especially, quite a remarkable stand is being made

against the tyranny of the priests. Perhaps, in a subsequent number of the *Quarterly*, room may be found for Monsieur Berthe's most graphic letter.

Monsieur Saillens is now definitely established in Paris, and does not seem to have lost any of his old fire or unction. As usual, many friends have visited us during the summer, and helped us according as God gave them opportunity. Among these, we must mention M. Peter of Lausanne, and the Rev. Martin Luther Berger, secretary to the late American deputation, who is passing a few weeks in Paris, to see with his own eyes the things whereof he has heard with the hearing of his ears. On all sides, preparations are being made vigorously and hopefully for the winter's campaign.

### —•— The Missionary Boat.

MY DEAR MR. GREIG,—It is with the greatest pleasure that I accede to the wish expressed in your letter for particulars about my sojourn in Boulogne-sur-Mer, and the work done on board the *Annie*, kindly put at Mr. McAll's disposal by Mr. H. Cook of Portsmouth.

First, I must tell you that the idea of going to preach in a ship to the people of a town in which mission-rooms are to be found was very awkward to me. But now that I have seen the results, I think it very natural to go in a boat to catch seamen, as seamen go to sea to catch fishes.

While waiting for the arrival of the vessel, we went into the ordinary McAll meeting. M. Dégremont presided. We spoke, and sung solos if I mistake not; people sing very well at Boulogne. I saw among the hearers several *matelotes*, as they are called; but you must not look in the dictionary for this name. It means, for the locality, the feminine of *matelot*. These *matelotes* have a peculiar dress made with coarse linen of a brown-reddish colour; the head in a white bonnet whose forepart is made in the shape of a fan, which makes their face appear as though surrounded by an *auréole* or nimbus. It does not look at all bad taste. I told you that they sing well. I noticed during the singing a very deep and loud voice singing an octave lower even than the lower notes of the tunes. After the meeting was over I made acquaintance with the owner of that voice, who proved to be an old sailor, strongly built, who told me that he had never missed a meeting since he first came,

about a year ago. I had the pleasure of seeing him in the temple, and trust he is a believer, a fruit of the Mission.

On Monday morning, when going to the port to see if there was nothing new, we caught sight of a bill to the effect that the meeting usually held in the mission-room would that night be held "*à bord de l'Annie.*" Such a joy for us! We made for the port with all speed, and soon we were able to see our long-wished for *Annie*, with her white inscription on the sides, "Seamen's Mission, Portsmouth, *Annie.*" The outside has nothing unlike other vessels, except that it seems a little wider than others of the same length. We got on board as soon as we were able, and made acquaintance with the captain, a Christian man, who told us about his experience in the mission-work to seamen in France and elsewhere. When we saw the inside we were not a little surprised with the perfect accommodation, and adaptation of every corner and available space. Rows of shelves running all along, cupboards and drawers filled with books, tracts, hymn-books, and, best, with Bibles and New Testaments in various languages. There was also a little harmonium, and forms with backs, to the great comfort of the people. The beautiful inscriptions on the walls, unfortunately for the French, are in English; but perhaps they do not mind much, being used to Latin. Perhaps even they thought it was Latin! not understanding either.

After making acquaintance with our new place, we hurried to the printer to get cards to make known the meetings. We had also some bills written, some shopkeepers kindly allowing us to have them put in their windows. We made also good use for advertising of several thousand copies of the paper, *La Bonne Nouvelle*, edited by the Rev. Mr. Gibson, of the Methodist Church in Paris, which were left on board the boat for mission purposes. We wrote on these papers the place and hours of the meetings, and two friends, M. Cantwell and M. Flour, a young French gentleman student making the best of his holiday, went through the port and along the quay, giving them away. I was on board waiting for the people, and welcoming them as they came.

We began our meeting with a very good attendance, a good number of the *habitués* of the mission-room being present, and a good many new-comers. I must say that the fair—a very

large fair—began at the same time as we began our meetings. We owe to that fair not to have had a great many rough fellows, who might have disturbed the meeting. It is true that many people did not come that were attracted by the noise and the show of the fête.

Pastor Dégremont presided, as he did almost all the time the boat was in Boulogne. We noticed with much pleasure the “sérieux” of the people, and the hearty way they sang. My old friend the sailor with the deep voice, was “à son affaire” with the lot of singing we had on board. I am quite astonished at the readiness of these uncultured people to pick up the tunes; after singing over twice or thrice the first verse, they were able to sing tolerably well the others.

To show the superstitiousness of the people, let me relate a conversation I had with a woman. I had been to one of the public fountains erected on the quay to get refreshed between two meetings. There stood, with her two pails, a rather old *matelote*, with her nimbus, like a saint in a church picture. When she saw me beginning my *toilette*, “Wash yourself in my pail,” she said. “Thank you much,” said I; “and won’t you come to our boat to hear about Jesus.” “Oh, Jesus! I know Him well,” she said, “and perhaps more than you do. Do I love Him? see my chaplet, I have it always with me, and every year I go to the convent yonder for a month in order to pray and make penitence; more so, I have been several times in pilgrimage, and lately to Nice.” “Well,” said I, “the rather you should come, because we also pray to Jesus, and love Him much.” “All right; but I have no time to go, because I rise early in the morning, and my eyes pain me at night with the lamp light.” “But you’ll stay only a little while if you choose, for I should like very much to see you there.” I had finished refreshing myself; she saw me looking for my handkerchief, so, turning her back, she said, “Take my apron, there is a clean corner somewhere behind.” Said I, “Oh, you are too good,” feeling rather dismayed at the proposal, for I felt very suspicious about finding a clean spot on her working attire; but seeing my hesitation, she speedily undid the tape round her waist, and I was obliged to obey her gesture, not to miss my opportunity of winning her. She looked very pleased at me, saying, “You are not too proud with the poor people. I am very glad to do an act of humanity to some one well dressed.” I had



finished drying my hands, and was taking leave of her. She said, "Make a little prayer for me, won't you?" "This I will do," said I. "Good-bye, sir." Half-an-hour after, as the people were coming for the meeting, what was my joy to see my obliging friend coming and asking me to show her a seat. The meeting began, and we spoke of the finished work on the cross, of the blood that cleanseth, of the freeness of access to the Master of earth and heaven, to whom it was better to apply than to anybody else, because he said Himself, "Come unto ME." I noticed my good woman with eyes sparkling with joy at the good news of free pardon, and immediate assurance of salvation. One after the other we spoke, adding *témoignage* to *témoignage* of the glorious truth. Blessed be the Lord, I saw her crying with others. The meeting went on, but she did not move before the end, when she came to me on her way out, saying, "Thank you, sir; I am confounded with joy to have come. I'll come with my people to the boat here."

Now about our day meetings. At one of our first meetings M. Dégremont noticed two Protestant soldiers whom he knew; he asked them if they thought that soldiers would come to our meetings if at a suitable hour. They said that six would be a right time, so immediately notice was given that a meeting should take place every day at six. The day following we had many visitors, who, some of them, stayed to the six o'clock meeting. MM. Cantwell and Flour went bravely towards the barracks, and soon we had the pleasure of seeing our "pantalons rouges" draw near, and we had a very good and attentive audience. I have never seen more attentive people than these soldiers, as we spoke to them about the prodigal son, the young man who wanted to know how to inherit everlasting life, &c. After the meeting, we had the pleasure of giving to each soldier a copy of the New Testament, this owing to a grant previously received from Mrs. Robertson, of the Society for the Free Distribution of Scriptures. This we did at every meeting to each new soldier. We had the pleasure of seeing our soldiers come and come again, not mindful of the fair, which ought to have been the great attraction to secluded poor people, as soldiers usually are. They came in increasing numbers up to the last meeting.

Soon we might perceive that our singing attracted the crowd, and among grown-up people we saw a good number of children, whom we could not allow to come on board for want of space,

and for the sake of good order. It tore our hearts to be obliged to keep these little ones at a distance, so we thought we might have a meeting for them alone ; consequently we told the people in the boat and the children outside that we should be pleased to receive them at four *in the afternoon*, one of the boys wanting the meeting at four in the morning ! They came long before the time, and we had the privilege of talking to these dear little ones, who were so very good that I would give them as an example to any trained Sunday school anywhere. We taught them hymns, verses of the Bible, selected so as to instruct them in the simple truths of the free grace for those who repent and look to Christ for forgiveness. We told also nice anecdotes to illustrate the texts, and even the hymns. Miss Blundel, who has given kind help during the last week of our sojourn in Boulogne, has at every meeting won many a young heart by her touching stories. I thought good to ask the children if they wanted me to think of them when in Paris. "Yes, yes, sir !" "Then give me your names all those who want me to remember them." This was no little work for the writers to take the names of all those willing, for nearly 200 children gave not only their names, but also their addresses. I intend showing them from time to time that I forget them not by forwarding little books, &c., to the children who were able to read, and as much as possible to only one in each family I gave a copy of the New Testament.

On Sunday took place our last meeting, M. Dégremont as usual presiding. We had with us M. Dumas, and Mlle. Blundell of Paris, with M. le Rougetel, pastor of the Methodist Church (English branch). This meeting was very interesting. As we were thinking of leaving, the people seemed as if they would not go ; we had several speeches after the general meeting, M. Dumas in his practical way asking the people if they believed we were true and in the truth. "If they believed so and were determined to live consequently, just lift up your hands that we may rejoice in knowing it and pray for you." We then saw a hundred hands raised in witness of the inward feeling, while the faces were radiant with joy.

We have had opportunity to speak with English sailors, as well as with Germans, Swedes, and Norwegians. We have given them gospels and tracts ; when possible, we had them and sung with some, we in our tongue, they in theirs ; once we had three

languages sung, but not in a regular meeting. It is said that a few days before our coming some Italians burned up a quantity of New Testaments which had been given them. Well, we had the pleasure of giving a number of Testaments, which were asked for by some Italians. We also sold several Bibles and Testaments to the people of the same nationality.

About giving away portions of Scriptures, I may say now that it has been my great joy to be able, through the kindness of Mrs. Robertson, already named, who sent me a timely telegram, to give away not only to the soldiers and the children, but to everybody in the last two meetings, a copy of the Book, which I said contained all what we had said and so much more. We trust that though the work we have done, by the kindness of the Lord, be great, still greater results will be obtained by the perusal of the Word of God, which we left like a sure witness, when we would be no more there.

Now, perhaps, will some say, What about all those people when the boat is gone? First, we left them the Word of God as aforesaid; and second, we were directed by the Lord to find a room in the close neighbourhood of the place where we stood with the boat. It is a usual resort for the seamen; we were able to rent it once a-week for our purpose, and this at a very small cost. A meeting has since been held in that new hall; we were told that more than two hundred people who had been on board the *Annie*, availed themselves of the new opportunity offered. May the Lord prosper and bless abundantly His servant, Pastor Dégremont, who has a very heavy task added to his usual duties. I think that Pastor Dégremont needs greatly some helper for this great and glorious work. It would be well if a Christian lady could offer herself for the visitation which has to be undertaken, if we want a deep work to be done. The many addresses I have in hand, I would give to any Christian who would engage to go and see the parents of the children who gave these addresses. Surely the parents would welcome any interested in the welfare of their dear ones. I will not close without saying how much we owe to the Christians who have shown their sympathy by visiting us on board, or by helping us in the work; I would thank them all here in the name of Mr. McAll, the director of the Mission in which I am engaged. May the Lord remember their kindness to His servants.



Just a word more on behalf of those not mentioned before, and who incessantly have shown themselves obliging in the extreme, but who did not appear in the public meetings, because they could not understand the language in which they were conducted; I mean the crew of the ship. So far as was in their power, they rendered our task easy, by keeping order on the deck of the vessel, and on the quay, when the crowd might have grown impatient; and doing what they could to make us feel comfortable in the short time we had to take our meal, &c.

Mr. Henry Cook, of Portsmouth, has undertaken a work, which, by the grace of God, may have a great influence on the evangelising of our seaports, altogether neglected, a good many of them. We hope that the work, and the successes of this year, will induce this Christian gentleman to devote to France more of his assistance.

Now for Calais—— But please let me rest a little, for I feel rather tired. I pray you, receive my best salutations; your devoted

E. S.

### Outside the Gates.

The McAll Mission is not confined within the walls of Paris; it has pushed its way outside the fortifications, and does not forget even the villages round about. Meetings are held every week at Ste. Gemme and Crespières alternately, and one of the missionaries visits and preaches the Gospel to the villagers. Lately I was deputed to accompany him on his round of visits, and the meeting-place was his home at Charenton, a suburb of Paris, not wanting in Huguenot memories. On arriving, I found my friend, M. Alain, was awaiting me, and out of consideration for my English infirmities had provided a cup of tea for me. After prayer, we started on our three days' journey—he carrying a huge haversack well stored with gospels, tracts, and illustrated papers. To take the train, it was necessary to re-enter within the city walls. As we drew near the iron gates, I observed the *douaniers* leave their post from the other side, and make a rush at us, like crows falling on a field of new-sown wheat. I put down my black bag and parcel for examination, but it was ignored, and they made for the haversack. “Ah! ha!” said my friend, “they know what is in here.” They had not come to seek for smuggled goods, but to receive their weekly gift of tracts and an *Ami de la Maison*; and then with

"merci" and "bon voyage," they left us to proceed on our way. At the small station we were again the chief attraction, and pointsmen, porters, and inspectors came for "les petits livres." Throughout the whole of our journey, in the stations, on the highway, passing through the fields, we found the same eager desire to receive the tracts.

A two hours' ride brought us to the end of our railway journey; and we got into a nondescript vehicle that did duty for a carriage, mail coach, luggage cart, and omnibus. We crawled along through corn-fields and orchards to Feucherolles. Here we alighted, and were heartily welcomed by the village grocer and joiner, who cheered us by the news we should have a good meeting. Inquiries were made for other workers that had passed before, who had lodged in this house, and had left good impressions behind.

We then proceeded towards Ste. Gemme, a small hamlet situated on a hill, from which we got a magnificent view of the plains of Seine et Oise. We called at several houses, but only dogs replied, as all human inmates were in the fields. On the summit was the little chapel, a wooden structure, standing alone on the brow of a hill, and near a double cottage, whose peasant proprietor came out to welcome us—a man with one of the cheeriest, pleasantest faces I had yet seen in France. It was a beam of sunshine. As we entered, I was formally introduced to the patron saint, "Ste. Gemme,"—a large doll dressed in faded finery, set into the cottage wall, and covered by a glass door. A votive offering lay overturned at her feet, and some branches of box-wood, bleached by the weather, bore unmistakable evidence of the neglect of saint-worship at Ste. Gemme. Indeed, as we regaled ourselves with coffee and "galettes," we were told that it was now two years since the saint had received any recognition.

At six o'clock the children gathered for songs of praise (sung from memory) and a lesson; their quiet attention and ready intelligent answers pleasing me much. At 8.30 was the réunion, at which the fruit of our visits through the village became manifest. The women came in caps or 'kerchiefs wrapped round their heads, and took up all the front seats, the children had to sit upon the ground to make room for their elders, and the men stood behind or sat on a side seat with their caps on. Many came to the door smoking, but thrust their

pipes into their pockets on entering. The chapel was crammed; and it was with a deep sense of responsibility that we explained to them the way of life, and told them of the gift of God. We closed with prayer. At the words, "Let us pray," the women stood up, the men uncovered and bowed their heads in worship. Still they lingered about this little Bethel. We shook hands with the people; and one woman remarked, "At Feucheroles (the church) all they give us is holy water; here we get a book and a hearty shake of the hand." We parted from them with an "au revoir!"

It was late and dark when we reached our lodgings, convoyed by two farmers and their sons; and with thankful hearts we retired to bed.

On the following day we proceeded to Crespières, whose "salle de réunions" is a ball-room behind the café; the dingy walls and faded texts, the dirty floor, now in possession of the fowls, lends to this room an uninviting aspect, and is a great contrast to Ste. Gemme. A promise to have the floor swept for the meeting comforted us not a little. But we had to make known the service, and so agreed to have it announced by the town-crier with his drum. But before the drum could be beaten the permission of the mayor had to be got. He was out; we went to the deputy, he was not at home: so we had to give up the crier, and go ourselves and invite the people in; and it was nine o'clock before our meeting began. As at Ste. Gemme, the men kept on their hats, the women wearing caps. Our strange audience were attentive, and seemed interested; some had never been to a service before, and promised to come again. The meeting over, I conversed with a group of women, and learned from them that the village church is abandoned, that out of a population of 650 souls, not twenty attend mass.

And so we wended our way back to Paris, feeling more than ever convinced that now is our golden opportunity for winning France to a pure Gospel. Town and country alike are ready—ready to acquire a more certain knowledge about this way.

S. B.

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### The Death of the Righteous.

[The following extracts translated from a letter just received from Madame P. cannot but interest our readers.—ED.]

"On Thursday morning, 16th August, I received a telegram

announcing the death of a faithful adherent of the Grenelle station. Her husband is one of those who owed their conversion, and the peace they enjoyed in Christ, to our brother Dodds now in glory. . . . She herself was much longer of finding the truth. Deeply struck by the extraordinary change in her husband—he had been notorious in the neighbourhood for his ill-usage of his wife,—she longed to see a similar work wrought out in herself; for with her, as with him, it needed to be a real moral miracle, he having as good reason to be dissatisfied with her conduct as she with his. The earnest appeals of Lord R. gave her a great ‘lift’ onwards; M. Vallette also, our lamented pastor, stirred up her conscience in a salutary manner; then the Sunday and Thursday meetings enlightened her little by little, and freed her in part from those superstitions of the Romish Church, which hindered the light from penetrating her soul. At last she fell dangerously ill, and after passing several months either in hospital or confined to her own room, she was finally removed to the *Maison de Santé* at the Deaconess’ Institution. During the whole of this time, and up to the last day of her life, she received frequent visits from pastors, and other Christian friends. She had now attained to a complete assurance of salvation, and could look on the approach of death without the smallest fear; her body suffered cruelly, but her soul was at peace. About an hour before her death the deaconess who nursed her asked if she would like to hear a hymn sung. ‘Yes,’ said she. ‘Which?’ ‘“We are out on the ocean sailing,” &c.;’ and she tried herself to sing the first verse and the chorus, but could not continue. An instant after she whispered, ‘I see the ship, it is coming for me!’ and her spirit returned unto God who gave it.”



### Experiences in Parisian Hospitals.\*

Among the sick whom I was in the habit of visiting in their homes, was a woman who always listened with great pleasure to the reading of the Bible, and who I hoped had a certain sense of sin and of anxiety about her soul. She was afterwards removed to the hospital. When first I went to see her there, she welcomed me gladly, and was as delighted as ever to be

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\* See *July Quarterly*, page 76.

read to and talked with. But on my second visit I found that an astonishing change had taken place. She was light and flippant to a degree; even the story of Gethsemane and its mysterious woe had no power to touch her. "*Mais je sais tout cela*," she repeated constantly; and when I made a despairing effort to bring it home to her as a personal matter, the explanation came out, "Yes, yes, it was for us, I know all that; you see I have done my *Easter duties* since I saw you last, so of course I know all about it; there is no need to tell me anything more." The performance of the externals of her religion had so utterly lulled her conscience to rest, that I was simply obliged to leave her till the tranquillising effects should have a little worn off, and she should be once more disposed to listen to the "still small voice" convincing her "of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come."

Last winter's campaign among the men opened most promisingly. First, with "Christmas letters," which were welcomed with acclamation, and asked for on all sides; they paved the way for two or three acquaintances whom I visited and read to weekly. One day a patient to whom I had given papers, &c., but with whom I had had little or no personal intercourse, requested an interview, and there and then made me a most solemn speech full of grand words, as a French speech on such an occasion could not fail to be. It was to the effect that he and the other *malades*, the honourable society of the hospital in fact, had been talking about me—the last thing to be desired under the circumstances,—and that they had come to the conclusion that my "littérature" was a very good one, calculated to be most beneficial; that they received it with great pleasure, and read it with profit. They wished me to be informed through him of this their opinion. I duly returned thanks in the name of the *Amis de la Maison* and the little tracts so suddenly promoted to the rank of literature, and promised to extend the circle to a little more solid reading. The delegate himself became one of my staunchest friends. On one of my visits to him I received a challenge from his opposite neighbour, who called out reproachfully, "Why do you never come to see *me*?" My interlocutor was an intelligent-looking man, who presently announced himself as a doctor, and a free-thinker, but one who would gratefully receive my visits. "I will come gladly, if you want me," I said; "but remember it will



be only with one object and one desire." "I guessed that," he replied; "but I should like you to come *quand même!*" He was so bored by his nine months of hospital that he was glad to close with any terms that might offer him a few minutes' distraction. On further acquaintance, I found him of a speculative turn of mind, and to my dismay, while graciously accepting my little religious books, he clamoured for "philosophy." In vain I tried to pacify him with anything that the Mission Bureau afforded, that looked deep and dull. "*That is not philosophy,*" was his crushing commentary on all I offered. At last benevolent friends with abstruse tendencies came to my aid, and armed with Descartes' "Treatises" and De Pressensé's "Les Origines," I felt that I had risen to the situation, and I succeeded in satisfying his aspirations. But, thank God, I could offer him something better than even this Christian philosophy, for week by week he listened to the simple story of the cross and of the Saviour's love; each time he seemed more interested and attentive, asking me not to read too much at a time,—"*I like to think it all over after you are gone, and if there is too much I forget it.*" At last he began to help me in my work by finding out those of the patients whom he thought would welcome a visit. "*You find No. 49 très bien disposé,*" he would say; or, "*I have been speaking to 53; he seems very serious, you had better go to him.*"

We sailed thus for some time in very smooth waters; but, alas! they covered hidden quicksands, and before very long our little evangelistic barque struck on one. One day, my "free-thinking" helper was most urgent that I should visit a newcomer, whom he described as intelligent and interesting from every point of view. The report was accurate enough; but unluckily I found that he was likewise a fervent Roman Catholic; yet, without entering upon any controverted point, we were able to talk of "the things which pertain unto salvation." He told me with great pride that he owned an "évangile" which had been annotated by a bishop, and below all the superstition he seemed to some degree to have seized the spiritual meaning and to have real love to his Saviour. There I should have left him; but a few weeks after, seeing him alone, and wishing to ask him of the success of an operation which had just been performed, I went to him for this purpose, and as I was leaving, gave him an illuminated text. Just as I

was committing this heretical act, his wife appeared on the scene. Fortunately lightning glances are not fatal ; but through their medium I was made bitterly conscious of my imprudence, and was by no means surprised to receive a message stating that the sister in charge of the ward wished to speak to me. I finished my round of visits, and then went to her little bureau at the end of the room to get my *cong  *, as I well knew. She was not rude—the sisterhood’s tenure of the hospitals under this Government is too precarious to allow of that,—but she told me most decidedly I must come no more, that there were no Protestants in the ward, and that I had no right to give books or texts to the Catholics—which was lamentably true. Not long before a patient had called me to him, telling me he was a Protestant, and asking me to visit him. An earnest, eager soul he was, too, seeking Jesus, “if haply he might find Him.” But he had just left ; so I had no resource but to submit. I pleaded that I never touched on controversy, only “la morale” ; but she was inflexible. This prohibition was *very* hard to bear—far worse than my first expulsion, which was more a disappointment than anything deeper ; but here I knew so many of the poor sick men, and was so interested in them all, so hopeful of some, that I hardly knew how to bear the thought that I might never more carry them the message of love and peace from the Master, which might lead the weary hearts and sin-stricken souls to lay down their burden at the foot of the Cross. One thought came to comfort me. It is *His* work ; if in His great love He oftentimes uses His children, He does not *need* them ; the work that He has begun He will carry on ; I can safely leave my sick with Him. And so it proved. Not long after, I was called again to this same hospital to see a poor consumptive man who had attended our dispensary, and been visited in his home by myself and others. I took the opportunity of taking “the doctor” a few flowers, and of getting from him “*Les Origines*,” which he was deep in the midst of at the time of my summary dismissal. I read to him as usual, and making a last appeal, I said, “What would I not give to know that you had taken that free salvation which Jesus is longing to give you, and that you knew the joy and peace which it brings !” “How do you know I have not ?” was his quiet answer. “*Have* you ?” I asked, hardly daring to hope. “Yes, I have trusted Him.” Those who watch for souls will understand the

overwhelming joy and gratitude which almost prevented words, as together we gave thanks for the prodigal's return from the far-off land. I was very sorry to find that a Testament which I had given him had been taken from him, under the plea that it was falsified, and must be compared with the correct version. Need I say that it was not returned?

Another bit of encouragement which the Lord tenderly gave was, that my friend the delegate on behalf of the "littérature" insisted positively that I *should* come and see him in spite of everything and everybody, and sent for "ma sœur" to tell her so in my presence. When she tauntingly asked, "Are you then a Protestant; have you *changed religion*?"—the most dreadful of all accusations—he replied stoutly, "It does not matter what I am; I want this lady to come and see me and read to me as often as she will." It was very brave of him, for so much of the patients' comfort depends on being in the sisters' good graces, that Protestants are sometimes cowardly enough to conceal the fact that they are such, and I have known of actual persecution occur where they *did* openly avow themselves, especially in the case of converts. Yet I greatly fear that he who braved all this, though interested, is not converted. Will not each reader of this little sketch ask that he may indeed learn to know Him whom to know is life eternal?

Many other interesting cases might be mentioned, but these will suffice to show that in Paris too there is encouragement for those who visit the sick and the afflicted to succour them.

A. D. J.

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